

## KATE'S SOLDIER.

"If I were only a man!" Kate Barclay's eyes flashed with a splendid resolve, a fine blaze of courage.

"If you were, would you not do just the same as now—sit still and wish something else?"

"Why do you judge me so unkindly, Major Ross?"

The lips began to pout now, a little temper to blend with the courage in the fine eyes.

"Because you do not do what you can, even now. If you were not my cousin, I suppose I should not speak to you so plainly. As it is, it vexes me when I hear you wishing, morning, noon and night, to be and do the impossible, and yet never trying to think if there is no better use for the money you are wasting so carelessly in trifles and laces? How much was Madame Ferrar's bill, last quarter?"

"Money won't fight, and government pays the soldiers—better, I heard you say so yesterday, than any army is paid in Europe."

"Yet, by giving a little more than government gives, I think you could hire some one, who would not go otherwise, to fight for you."

"A man whom a little more money would induce? A man who would go for money, and would not go without it? Why, such a cowardly soul would get drummed out of the ranks after the first battle!"

Major Ross smiled, a calm, merrily smiling—as always provoked his cousin, for it seemed to her like an assertion of superiority.

"You just look at one side of your question, Kate, and then jump at your conclusion. I know a man who told me yesterday that he would go, to war if he could afford it; a man, who is neither cold nor cowardly. He has a sister, a girl of fifteen. They are orphans, and his mother's dying breath gave her to his care. They were well born, but they had fallen into poverty, and he resolved that his sister should have the education of a lady. She is at school now. If he had the means to leave her provided for, he would enlist; but what if he should die, and that poor, pretty, undisciplined child should be left alone in the wide world, with no means of support, no protector, no friend? Could he answer it to his mother when he met her country which souls people?"

Kate had listened with breathless interest.

"Would he fight well?" she asked, musingly.

"No man better. There is not a drop of coward blood in his veins. He is the very one I would choose to stand beside me in the front of the fray."

"If he were sure his sister would be provided for in the event of his death, you think he would go?"

"I know it. His whole heart is in the fight now. If he were sure that she could be secured from future privation, or friendlessness, his name would be enrolled to-morrow."

Kate's face glowed with eager resolve.

"He shall be sure, I cannot give my life to my country. I ought not to shrink from giving everything else. That girl is an orphan like me. She shall be my sister. I will undertake the expense while her brother is away, and if he dies, she shall share dollar for dollar with me all that I possess."

Major Ross looked at his young cousin almost reverently. He was just beginning to see below the happy, careless surface of her nature. But he made no comment on her resolve.

"Wait here," he simply said, "I will bring you your soldier."

In half an hour he returned. He brought with him a man, tall, athletic, strong, with a face brave and masterful rather than handsome.

"Miss Barclay, this is Mr. Keene—Richard Keene."

So much of introduction being performed, Major Ross went out and left Kate to make her bargain.

Mr. Keene was thoroughly well bred. In the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed—sorely trying they would have been to most men—he was able to steer clear of any false pride or embarrassment.

"Miss Barclay," he said, bowing, "I am told that by way of doing your part toward the war you wish to hire me as a substitute, to fight your battles for you. My terms are easily stated. All I ask is a security that my sister's education shall be carried on, as I have commenced it, until she is able to support herself by teaching."

"I am ready to provide for all her expenses, and to charge myself with the care of her future, should there be need of my protection."

"So much as that is not necessary. While I live I could not allow you to undertake all her expenses. So far as my pay as a soldier can go it must be applied for her support. For the rest I accept you in the spirit in which it is made. I will remember you when I fight, and heaven helping me, you shall not be ashamed of your substitute."

Kate's eyes grew misty. He was so calm in his resolve to dare danger and death—seemed to consider himself so little. She longed to beg him, as a sister might have done, not to be too rash—not to court unnecessary peril, but something restrained her. She only asked:

"When will you take me to see your

sister? It is better to be introduced to her by you. She will feel more that she belongs to me when you have confided her to my protection."

"You are right. I will take you now, if you please. I wish to march with the 28th to-morrow, and there is no time to lose. Poor Emily, it will be hard on her."

In five minutes more Miss Barclay was walking toward Gramercy Park with her soldier by her side. She stole a look now and then at his face. It was calm as a firm—no marks there of weakness or irresolution. She began to be proud of him. Soon they are in Miss Dupont's front parlor waiting for Emily. As she came through the door her brother met her and drew her with him into the back room. He had said to Miss Barclay that it was better he should speak to her first quite alone.

Waiting there, Kate heard the sound of earnest, manly talk, then a few words in a voice full of tears, then again the low manly tones, and then Mr. Keene led his sister in.

"Miss Barclay," he said, "here is your protegee. She quite understands your position as regards her, and I hope she will exact little, and not make you much trouble."

Kate's warm heart overflowed instantly. She put her arm around the shy, trembling girl, and drew her to her side. She whispered:

"I have no mother, dear, and no sister. I shall need you as much as you will need me. Let us love one another."

Mr. Keene did not hear the whisper, but he saw the quick flash of pleasure flush his sister's cheek, and the confident gesture with which her hand stole into her new friend's, and he was satisfied.

"We need not detain Miss Barclay any longer," he said, gently. "I will walk home with her now. This afternoon I shall be busy, but I will come to you again this evening."

There were few words spoken during the short walk, but when they were parting Miss Barclay's door step, she gave her hand to Richard Keene, and said earnestly:

"Do not doubt that all I can do for your sister will be a labor of love. There has been a vacant place in my heart, a lonely longing for some one to care for, and she will fill it. If her eyes filled with tears—if anything should happen, she shall be as near to me as she would have been to you."

Richard Keene pressed the hand he held.

"I believe you," he said, "Emily is a good child. You will not find in her, coldness or ingratitude."

That evening Kate Barclay sat alone, living over in thought the parting, which she knew was taking place, fancying how these two, who were all the world to each other, would say good-by—a good by which might, all too possibly, be forever. She almost repented of her own doing—not quite for she knew her soldier's heart was in his work, and she felt that if he had been her own brother she could have sent him forth as cheerfully. She was not dealing to another such measure as she would not have borne to have dealt with herself.

It was a little past nine o'clock when the bell rang, and the servant announced Mr. Keene. She had not expected after their bargain to see him again; she was glad after all that he should have reckoned her among the number of those to whom it became him to say farewell. He came in as calm and self-possessed as ever.

"I have been bidding Emily good-by," he said as he sat down. "I had to leave her at 9 o'clock, and I thought I might venture to come to you. After all it is by your means that I go, and that makes a sort of tie between us; a bond which it would be presumption to call friendship, and yet which will make me think of you when I am gone."

Kate had not the courage to tell him that his young sister's thoughts would scarcely follow him with a more constant interest than her own. She asked him instead how Emily had borne the parting.

"Bravely," he answered. "He knew the child's heart had been almost broken, but she had kept back any utterance of complaint or lamentation, whose memory might have unnerved him when the hour came to test his courage."

Then there was silence between them for a few moments, and he was the first to break it.

"I tell you honestly why I came here to-night, Miss Barclay. I had been thinking how possible it was that I might never come back, and if that happened I fear you might regret that you sent me away. I wanted to guard against your vexing yourself with any such needless sorrow. It was the one longing of my heart to go, and if I could have effected it any other way, I should have done so long ago. Come what may, I shall never be sorry. I have but one life, and there is nothing else I would like so well to do with it as to give it to my country. I can trust Emily to you without fear, and she was all I had to keep me back. In any event, I want you should be thankful, as I shall be, that you helped me to go."

Kate's tears were choking her. How manly he was! how unselfish, trying even in this last hour, to shield her whom he scarcely knew from a possible pang! She could not speak, but she put out her hand. He took it tenderly.

"I am going now," he said, his eyes resting on her as he longed to soothe away her tears as he might have done his sister's.

"God keep you, Miss Barclay, and give me strength to fight valiantly in the cause for which you have sent me forth to do battle."

Before she could speak the "God bless you!" which trembled on her lips, he was gone. Would she ever see him again—her soldier?

The next Sunday the principle of establishment at Gramercy park was summoned to an interview with Miss Barclay.

The latter lady briefly explained the relation of the girl in which she stood to Miss Emily Keene, and expressed the desire that thereafter her ward should spend all her vacations and Sundays at her house. The poor, solitary, bereaved child was glad enough to go home with her; and this was the beginning of a true, sisterly love between those two.

As the months passed on they grew nearer and dearer to each other, until Emily could have scarcely told which was dearer, the brother far away, or the new sister she had found at home. Kate's life had been solitary hitherto, since her parents died. The young girl filled up a void in it, and made her both better and happier.

They read war news together, and traced in maps the routes of the armies. Emily herself was scarcely more excited over the news of a battle than was her friend, who followed with ceaseless anxiety and daily prayers the fate of the soldier whom she had sent to the field. For a long time she seemed fortune's soldier also. He had been noticed for his valor, and promoted from the ranks; but he had passed through all perils unharmed. Often Miss Barclay recalled their first interview—saw again, as for the first time, the tall, athletic figure, the resolute, masterful face—the clear, honest eye; perhaps she liked Emily all the better that those same honest gray eyes showed under the thoughful forehead.

All the time when danger seemed not to touch Richard Keene, she had a presentiment that his hour of doom was coming. She never spoke of this to Emily, and the child, lulled to a sense of security by his past immunity from harm, was growing to think of him cheerfully. His letters came often written in good spirits, addressed always to his sister, but never without some cordial, reverent, almost tender mention of her who sent him forth to fight the great fight in her stead. Still the subtle sense which foretells coming danger haunted Miss Barclay like a phantom. She could not tell it.

A day came at last when she opened the paper, feeling what its contents were before she saw them. She read there that Richard Keene was dead. The federal had been repulsed, leaving their dead, of whom he was one, for the enemy to bury.

She read the tidings calmly. She knew he had died as he would have wished for; she recalled his parting words. Her soldier was gone—her stake in the war. Her hope of success seemed to have died with him. She did not feel like weeping. She scarcely knew that she felt at all; only the cold, dull ache that made her clasp her hand tight to her heart reminded her. She said to herself, still calmly, "I must go to Emily, and tell her that I sent her brother to his death."

She put on her things, and wondered vaguely, that she did not weep as she saw her own still, composed face in the glass.

Emily came to her, in the same room, the front parlor at school, where they had met first—came in joyful with welcome, but started back appalled by the white, still face she met. Miss Barclay went up to her and said, drearily, "Emily, I am all you have now. He is gone!"

The girl to whom the ill news came with such fell suddenness, burst into a passion of grief; and then, trying to comfort her, her friend wept also, and the tears were a strange solace. She took Emily home with her—her sister from henceforth. She might go back to school another year, perhaps—at present they had need of each other.

How dreary the months were which followed! Emily was the first to learn resignation for the loss of her dead, who died so gloriously. Kate was haunted forever, as he had feared she would be, by the idea that she had sent him to his death; and not even the memory of his own assurances, those generous last words of his, could give her comfort.

The summer came—the summer of '63—bringing bird-songs and blossom. The lovely salt-scented sea breeze rippled the waves and shook the pine trees into melody. From afar Miss Barclay seemed to catch scent and sound. It aroused her to wish to tread the sea-side rocks, and press her careless footsteps in the white sands of the beach.

They went to a pleasant, quiet nook, which as yet not enough people had been found to spoil. And there the roses began to come slowly back to Miss Barclay's cheek, and the light to her eyes. She might grow cheerful again in time, she thought, if only her fancy would cease to picture one awful scene—a battle field—where the setting sun searched with red beams for the slain, and found one face, a face she knew, with clear, honest eyes, and mouth that would never smile more.

Did they wound him—mutilate him after he was dead? She had heard such things—she wished she could forget them.

Walking alone one day, she heard on the path behind her voices—Emily's and another. She turned suddenly. Were her senses dazzled? Did she dream? Do the dead walk? She saw a face over which a Southern turf must have grown long ago, unless it bleached white long ago, unburied, on the ghastly battle field. Sight and senses failed her. For the first time in her life she fainted. When she recovered she saw only Emily. The child spoke eagerly:

"It was my brother, alive, himself. He was wounded, not dead. They took him prisoner, and last week he was exchanged. When he came to New York he found we were here, and followed us."

She had poured the words into Kate's ear with might and main, bent on making her understand the truth, lest she might faint again. But such swoons do not happen twice in one day. Miss Barclay comprehended all now, and was herself again, ready, with courteous greeting, for him who came down the path—the returned warrior, with the scar seaming his broad brow, and showing how near he had come to the fate she had feared.

He had a furlough to get well in, he said, and then he was going back.

Of course he stayed with them there at Sea View for a while, and of course they nursed and petted him as women always do their returned braves. It was strange how soon all sadness went out of her manner. One day he said to her:

"You are too kind to me."

"I do not feel as if I could be," she answered, "when I remember that you have suffered and who sent you forth to the fight."

He did not speak again for a moment, and then he asked a strange question.

"Miss Barclay, what do you think of a man, an honest man, who loved a woman dearly, and felt in his very soul that he was her peer, but did not ask her to marry him because she was very rich and he was poor, and he knew the world would brand him as a fortune-hunter?"

Miss Barclay blushed, but she answered bravely:

"I should think poorly of a man's courage whom the world's opinion could sway in the most sacred matters of his heart and his life; and, if he believed the lady would ever remember on which side the fortune was! I should wonder at him for thinking her worthy of his love."

His eyes—those honest, earnest eyes—looked at her with something in their glance which thrilled her with a strange, new, timid joy. He only said:

"Kate, you know I love you. When I fight again will I pray for me at home? Whose soldier shall I be?"

I think her look told him before her words did, but he bent tenderly to hear the answer:

"Mine."

### The Polish Salt Miner's Life.

I was greatly impressed by the profound silence of these vast caverns. When we stood still, the utter absence of sound was appalling. The falling of a pin would have been a relief. Not even the faintest vibration of the air was perceptible. No desert could be more silent—no solitude more awful. I stood apart from the guides and lamp-bearers in a separate vault, at the distance of a few hundred feet, in order that I might fully appreciate this profound inertia, and it really seemed as if the world were no more.

From some of these tunnels we emerged into open caverns, where a few workmen were employed at their dreary labors. I was surprised that there were not more to be seen, but was informed that they are scattered in small parties through miles of earth, so that the number is not apparent to the casual visitor. As we approached the place where they were at work, the dull clicking of the picks and hammers produced a singular effect through the vast solitudes; that is the gnomes, supposed to inhabit gloomy pits, were busily engaged at their diabolical arts.

We came suddenly upon one group of workmen under a shelving ledge, who were occupied in detaching masses of crystallized salt from a cleft in which they worked. They were asked to the middle, have nothing on but coarse trousers and boots, and wrought with their crowbars and picks by the light of a few greasy lamps held by grimy little boys with shaggy heads—members, no doubt, of the same subterranean family.

Some of the men were lying on their backs punching away with tremendous toil at the rugged masses of salt overhead, their head, faces and bodies glittering with the showers of salt grit that fell upon them; while others stood up to their arm-pits in dark holes, delving into the lower crevices. Was it possible they were human beings, these bearded, shaggy, grimy-looking monsters? Surely, if so, they well represented the infernal character of the place. Never upon earth (the surface of it, I mean) had I seen such a monstrous group; shocks of hair all powdered with salt; glaring eyeballs overhanging by white lashes flashing in the fitful blaze of lamps; brawny forms glittering with crystal powder, and

marked by dark currents of sweat! No wonder I stared at them with something akin to distrust. They might be monsters in reality, and take a sudden notion to hurl me into one of their infernal pits by way of pastime; in which case the only consolation would be, that where there was such an abundance of salt, there would be no difficulty about the preservation of my remains.

After all, there was something sad in the condition of these poor wretches—shut out from the glorious light of day, immured in dark, deep pits, hundreds of feet under ground; rooting, as it were, for life, in the bowels of the earth. Surely, the salt with which other men flavor their food, is gathered with infinite toil, and mingled with bitter sweat!

Yes, strange as it may seem, I was informed by the guide that these workmen are so accustomed to this kind of life that they prefer it to any other. By the rules of the directory, they are divided into gangs as on board a ship. The working gang is not permitted to remain under ground more than eight hours; it is then relieved. The current belief that some of them live in the mines is not sustained by the facts. In former times it is quite probable such was the case. At present the administration of affairs is more human than it was at an early period in the history of the mines. The operatives are free to quit whenever they please, as in any private establishment. Plenty of others are always ready to take their place. The pay is good, averaging from thirty kreutzers to a florin a day. Whenever it is practicable, the work is done by the piece. Each man receives so much for a specified result. Good workmen can make two or three hundred florins a year. The salt is gotten out in various forms, according to the depth of the stratum. Where it is mixed with an amalgam of hard earth, it is cut into cylindrical blocks, and exported in that form to Russia. The finer qualities are crushed and packed in barrels for exportation to various parts of Prussia and Austria.

How little do we reflect upon the tremendous aggregate of toil by which the commonest article of food is procured! Thus, as we sit at our pleasant breakfast table—the sunshine shedding its cheerful glory through the curtains upon the social circle, the white cloth, the clean knives, the buttered toast and boiled eggs, so invitingly spread before us—with that charming unconsciousness of labor we dip up a little salt, and sprinkle it upon our eggs and butter! how merily we chat over the topics of the times! To be sure, there is no good reason why we should make ourselves miserable, because what we relish so highly cost labor; but would it not be instructive to dwell a moment, even upon a pinch of salt? Not to go into a history of the silver mines which have served to garnish our table; the iron mines, which have furnished us knives and forks; or the coal mines, which afford us fuel with which to cook our food—what a world of salt seas and brine springs, and crystal caverns—what an aggregate of human toil, commerce and enterprise that pinch of salt suggests? Yet so common is the use of this mineral that, like the air we breathe, we are scarcely conscious of its existence.

We next visited the stables in which the horses are kept for hauling the salt on the subterranean railways. Many of these horses, it is said, never see daylight from the time they enter the mines. In the course of a few weeks they lose their sight. A film gradually grows over the eyes—from what cause I could not ascertain. It may be the effects of the salt or long continued darkness—though it does not appear that the miners suffer any inconvenience in this respect. I remember reading of some fish without any eyes at all, found in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Possibly having but little use for sight, the horses of Wieliczka go blind from a natural disposition to accommodate themselves to circumstances. —Harper's Magazine.

### THE JEWS.

Great indignation has been expressed because of the recent order of one of our Generals in the West, excluding the Jews as such from his lines. In this country such an act would seem entirely contrary to the spirit and genius of our Constitution. It is said that it is simply a military precaution, intended to prevent the conveyance of intelligence and the formation of contracts of a fraudulent character, and this no doubt is the intention simply and sincerely. Nor is there any doubt that some speculating or traitorous Jews may have caused much trouble and embarrassment to successful military operations. But is it only Jews who have acted thus? I think not. There are thousands of other speculators and traitors daily in communication with the enemy. There are certain army officers, certain cavalry Colonels, who have been suspected very strongly of holding those communications with the enemy for which their advanced position often gives them opportunity. But is it right to invade against a class, or against a sect, for the faults of individuals? Those who know the Jews best, feel most confidence in them and know how great an act of injustice and injudiciousness has been committed by an order issued no doubt thoughtlessly by one of our Generals, but which, for the honor of the country and of humanity in the nineteenth century, will, we cannot doubt, be at once cancelled.

The fact is, account for it as we may, the Jews, whatever they undertake, carry out further and with greater earnestness

and success than any other equal body of people on earth. They have ever since the beginning of their nationality. In the history of the world's civilization and advancement, Jews have ever been the leaders in every branch of progress, in ancient and modern times. The earliest writings and records of antiquity have been preserved by them. In Egypt they preserved government. On the banks of the Nile, the Euphrates and the Jordan, they furnished leaders of the wisdom of antiquity, and the only race of pure Theists. At Alexandria they united the Greek and Oriental philosophies. It was a Jew that guided the pen of Mohammed. It was the Jews who introduced the Aristotelian philosophy into Spain, and thus into Europe, reviving the love of letters. The Jews were the introducers of the study of medical and physical science. They have for ages been the great capitalists of the civilized world, and they have pushed their researches further into the laws of every subject they have ever touched than any other people. In history, they have produced minds like Neander, as in philosophy Spinoza. Yet the little State of Rhode Island was the first on earth, after the destruction of Jerusalem, that ever by law recognized their perfect political and social equality. The United States is about the only country of the civilized globe where they have never experienced political oppression. It is to be hoped we shall not begin now.

If a Jew does wrong, punish his offences, but not his race, unless we are prepared to punish all Christians for the faults of each and any of them. It may be quite proper to forbid all traders from certain lines, but if so, let all traders be served alike. Or, it may only be necessary for those committing certain offences. If so, let the offence be named. But a distinguished statesman has remarked that he "never saw the land flourish that loved to smite a Jew," or, as a still higher authority has said, they are "beloved for their Fathers' sakes." The Jews have been treated by Christian nations in so unchristian a manner that in Europe, as is asserted of them, they have acquired the habit of thinking it right to retaliate by fraud against oppressive power. But in this country, in proportion as they have been conceded equal rights, they become increasingly reliable. There are some of the most highly intelligent, educated, conscientious and patriotic men among them to be found anywhere. Some of the wealthiest families of them are the most energetic, and have three and four sons engaged in our army, entrusted with the most important and critical duties of staff officers. —Philadelphia Ledger.

### Interesting from Richmond.

Arrival of Refugees from the Rebel Capital.—Reported Advance of the Union Forces on Jackson, N. C.—A Division of Stonewall Jackson's Corps sent South.—The Merit of a Failure.—Phantom of Gen. Lee's Army.—What the Rebels expect from Gen. Seymour, &c., &c.

Washington, Jan. 20, 1863.

The King Philip arrived this morning from Piney Point, bringing up John Coyle, his wife and two children; Philip Riley, with his wife and four children, and John Killduff; refugees from Richmond, where they had been at work in the Tredegar Iron Works. Coyle and Riley are from Troy, N. Y. They left Richmond on Saturday, the 12th inst., the latter carrying the woman and children riding in a wagon, which was driven by a contraband, and came by way of the Mechanicsville Pike, passing Rosemont Court House, where they observed that the rebels had a picket, to near Port Royal, where they crossed, and proceeded on their way to the Potomac, and thence to Washington, and got on board the Washington and Annapolis steamer, the King Philip. On the way from Richmond they did not see any rebel soldiers other than the picket at Hanover Court House.

The week previous to their departure, there was great excitement in Richmond, owing to the report that a large Union force, numbering eight thousand, was on the way to Weldon, N. C., and that a large force of gunboats were in the waters of North Carolina.

About the same time General Anderson's division of Georgia soldiers, numbering about fifteen thousand men, passed through Richmond and went south, which fact added much to the excitement.

The floating battery Merrimack is a perfect failure, being too heavy, and she is lying at Rockett's with a screw on each side to keep her afloat. Several times she has been taken into the stream with the screws alongside; but whenever it was attempted to remove the screws the contraband rats that they were obliged to replace them, and they were stuck to the moorings. For upwards of two weeks she was tried in this manner, but at last, tired out with attempts to make her set right in the water, they have given her up and acknowledge her a failure.

At the Tredegar Iron Works they have six hundred men at work, mainly on shot and shell, but the latter are mostly unserviceable, the metal which they are working being of inferior quality, and being other to be had. Lately several guns have been cast, and they are now being cast, and they are now being cast with wrought iron.

On Friday, before they left, about one hundred and fifty Union prisoners were marched from the prison to the Works, and arrangements made to work them, and the following Monday they went to work. They had previously taken the oath to the confederacy.

The city is well fortified at every point, and the fortifications are garrisoned with but a small number of men. They have over one hundred guns in position around the city.

The main body of the rebel army is said to be about midway between Fredericksburg and Richmond, on the railroad.

There is said to be considerable Union sentiment yet in the city; even success in becoming sick of the war. They, however, believe that they are to be successful, and claim that the proclamation of President Lincoln will cause many of the Union soldiers to lay down their arms.

They say that Seymour will not allow any more troops to leave New York, and that other conservative Governors will follow the same course.

Provisions are very scarce in the city, and there is much suffering among the poorer classes. Flour forty to fifty dollars per month; corn for common bread. Flour is selling at from \$23 to \$25 per barrel; meal at \$4.50 per bushel, and eggs at \$1.25 per dozen.

THE AFFAIR AT FREDERICKSBURG.—Burnside's Judgment Correct.—We learned immediately after the engagement of Saturday at Fredericksburg, that the rebels had so far exhausted their supplies of artillery ammunition as to be compelled to fire bars of iron from their cannon. These statements are now not only confirmed, but it is certain they also fired stones and such other unusual missiles as came to hand most easily. They seem to remain scarcely a dozen of their ordnance would have been nearly useless on Sunday; and it becomes more and more plain that General Burnside's judgment was correct in the whole proceeding, and that his chief error was in undervaluing his own convictions to those of his officers. Had the battle been renewed on Sunday, success would most likely have crowned his efforts, and the Army of the Potomac would have secured, for the first time, those substantial fruits of victory of which they have been so often deprived by curious fortune.